



## Poem for Buddha's Birthday 1997

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Before Buddha came  
The sky was already blue  
All this stuff and nonsense  
About "Only I am holy"  
Pointing up, Blue.  
Pointing down, solid earth.

When Buddha lived  
The sky  
Was still  
Blue  
Forty years of teaching, traveling  
Didn't change that.

When Buddha died,  
Where did he go?  
Burning Buddha's body  
Sent smoke to  
Blue sky.  
How unoriginal!

Unoriginality  
Is our original nature  
What did Buddha teach?

Before your birth, now, after you die,  
The sky  
Is still blue.  
Same as Buddha.  
Same for us all.  
Whose sky is it?  
Yours, mine, Buddha's?

When the sky is gone  
When you are gone  
When Buddha is gone  
What then?

Look up!

Blue sky!

Do you get it?

*Ken Kessel, JDPSN, May 14, 1997*